



NEWSLETTER

To Young Listeners,

ONCE again Wiri needs most of the page, but there is still a little space for news which isn't in the papers. Some of it you'll find hard to believe, but it's all true.

Beginner's Luck

A N.Z. Flight-Lieutenant who was staying for a few days in a Scottish town, was invited to take part in the annual Curling Tournament (rather like bowls on ice). The airman had never "curled" before, but he entered for fun and they lent him a tam-o'shanter with a feather in it to bring him luck. It brought him such luck that he won the tournament, and was presented with a silver spoon, a genuine Scottish badge, the tam-o'shanter, and

the feather! And the airman said "It was all very funny, but not half as funny as I looked in the tammy!"

Hard to Believe

A canary we know was very sick and quiet, so he was taken to a bird doctor who said, "He needs a moulting tonic," and sent along some special bird-seed medicine called "Sing-Song." The canary pecked twice at the seed—burst into a tiny song, and settled down to his morning sleep.

Soles, Not Heels

Billy's mother sent him to the fish shop to buy some soles. Billy, who is young and forgetful asked the fish-man for some heels. The fish-man said "We don't sell eels here, sonny. Next please." Which reminds us of another small boy who went into a butcher's shop for some cat's meat, and the butcher said, "Sorry, we haven't killed any cats to-day." People shouldn't tease people, should they?

fighting between them. So Mauri called his followers together and said to them: "Oh! my kinsmen, listen to the words I am about to speak to you. Behold Tinopai, my beloved daughter, who stands by my side. To him who can shoot over the Kata Kehua falls I give her in marriage, but the inside of the canoe must be untouched by water and the warrior must sit straight to the rapids below."

He had ceased speaking. For a moment it seemed that no one dared shoot the falls to win Tinopai. Then a warrior came forward. He was young and handsome, brave and strong. The whole tribe knew him to be kind, good and gracious. His name was Toa. He was the only one brave enough to shoot the falls and he won the good and beautiful Tinopai. Wherefore, oh, my child, Wirimu, you must be like Toa, strong and gracious and brave and good.

As Wiri sat filled with her story he saw her push aside her flax kit and sit puffing at her pipe, her eyes still and deep as the river, and her thoughts shining in her eyes like patches of light on a river pool.

Then Hori rode up the track.

He tied Hini to a bush and took a bulging sugar bag from one side of the pikau and a cardboard box from the other and he went into the whare.

He untied the string from the bulging bag and pulled out two big red crayfish for Tinopai. He opened the cardboard box and took out some of the pink iced cakes and put them on a plate. He opened his parcel and gave Tinopai a length of yellow silk and he wound a bright red scarf round Wiri's neck and all the time he talked a lot and was very kind.

When they had eaten, and drunk their tea, Hori put his bulging bag and his box of cakes into the pikau and Tinopai waved to them as they rode off.

Wiri clung tightly to Hori's tweed coat as they jogged along, and he felt very happy and very clean and very tired.

Hori sang and talked for a while, then he grew tired too and quiet, because he began to think about the empty sugar tin and the empty flour box and his empty pockets.

Mrs. Waterford was at the gate as they passed, waiting for the mail.

"Hori, will you come and do some digging for me next week? And you could put in the kumaras too, Hori, they never grow for me. Oh, and bring Wiri along too because Miss Helen's boy is staying with me. He's a spoilt town boy, Wiri, he thinks there's nothing to do here—he'll learn a lot from you. Look, he's sleepy, Hori."

So Hori moved him gently to the front of his saddle.

"I come on Monday," he said. "I like to see Helen's boy," and when he rode off, his pockets didn't feel quite so empty.

They crossed the river and climbed slowly up the hill to the whare, and Hori carried the little sleepy Wiri and put him on his bed. He pulled the blankets over him and the brown eyelids wavered a second then sank to rest over the soft dark eyes.

Hori pulled the smouldering logs together and blew them into a blaze. He put on the billy for his tea, while Tiger, poor left behind Tiger, sat happily watching. And Miu, the sleepy one, wound round the old man's legs, rubbing and purring her love . . . purring and rubbing her great love . . . because Miu was hungry.

(Next week you will hear about Wiri and Anthony)

THE BOOK OF WIRIMU

Story by STELLA MORICE, with
Drawings by JOHN HOLMWOOD

Chapter VI.

TINOPAI (continued)

WHEN Wiri was rested, Tinopai put him down and took a flax kit from a nail. She wrapped some meat in a piece of sack and put it in the kit, then she filled it with kumara and potato. She led him along the white track until she came to a bubbling pool in a small clearing. Out of the pool came clouds of steam, spurting forth like the angry breath of the Taniwha, and Wiri shrank back in fear.

"By corry, I keep away."

But Tinopai laughed and walked firmly to the edge of the pool. She pulled some flax and tied one end to her kit and the other end she tied to a manuka bush, then she lowered her kit into the pool. She turned back to Wiri and took him down the steaming stream to where it widened and he took off his clothes and ran splashing into the hot water. Then Tinopai picked up some red stones and threw them into a deeper pool and Wiri dived and came up laughing and bubbling with the stones in his hand.

"You the good boy," and she left him in the water and walked up to the whare and came back with two kits full of clothes and a long bar of yellow soap.

She squatted on a flat rock on the edge of the pool and one by one she washed the clothes, dipping them into the hot water, then soaping them on a rock. When she had finished she spread them on the bushes to dry.

She called to Wiri and she rubbed him all over with her soap and washed him. Then she floated him on his back in the water and she soaped and rinsed his hair till the pool was filled with bubbles. She took him out and dried him with a big stripy towel, and Wiri let her do this, because in all the world there was no one as calm and comfortable as Tinopai.

They walked up the stream to where the boiling spring bubbled out of the depths of the earth to cook the dinner for Tinopai. She lifted out her kit



and left it for a moment to cool and carried it along to the whare. She filled two plates with the steaming kai and Wiri ate till he could eat no more. When they had finished they took their plates and pannikins to the creek and washed them in the warm water and carried them back to the whare.

Tinopai lit her old black pipe and pulled a half made kit to her as she sat on the mat in the whare. Wiri sat on the doorstep watching her quick fingers plaiting in and out, the strands she worked with quickly shaping into the side of the kit and the strands that waited firmly held down with her wide strong toes. Between the puffs she talked to him in her grand and beautiful Maori, and told him the story he loved.

Oh, my child, Wirimu, listen to the story I am about to tell you. Your great grandfather Mauri was brave and strong. He was the chief of our great tribe. He was good and kind. He had four sons and one daughter. She was very beautiful. Her name was Tinopai because she was as good as she was beautiful. The young chiefs who were followers of Mauri all fell in love with Tinopai. There was much